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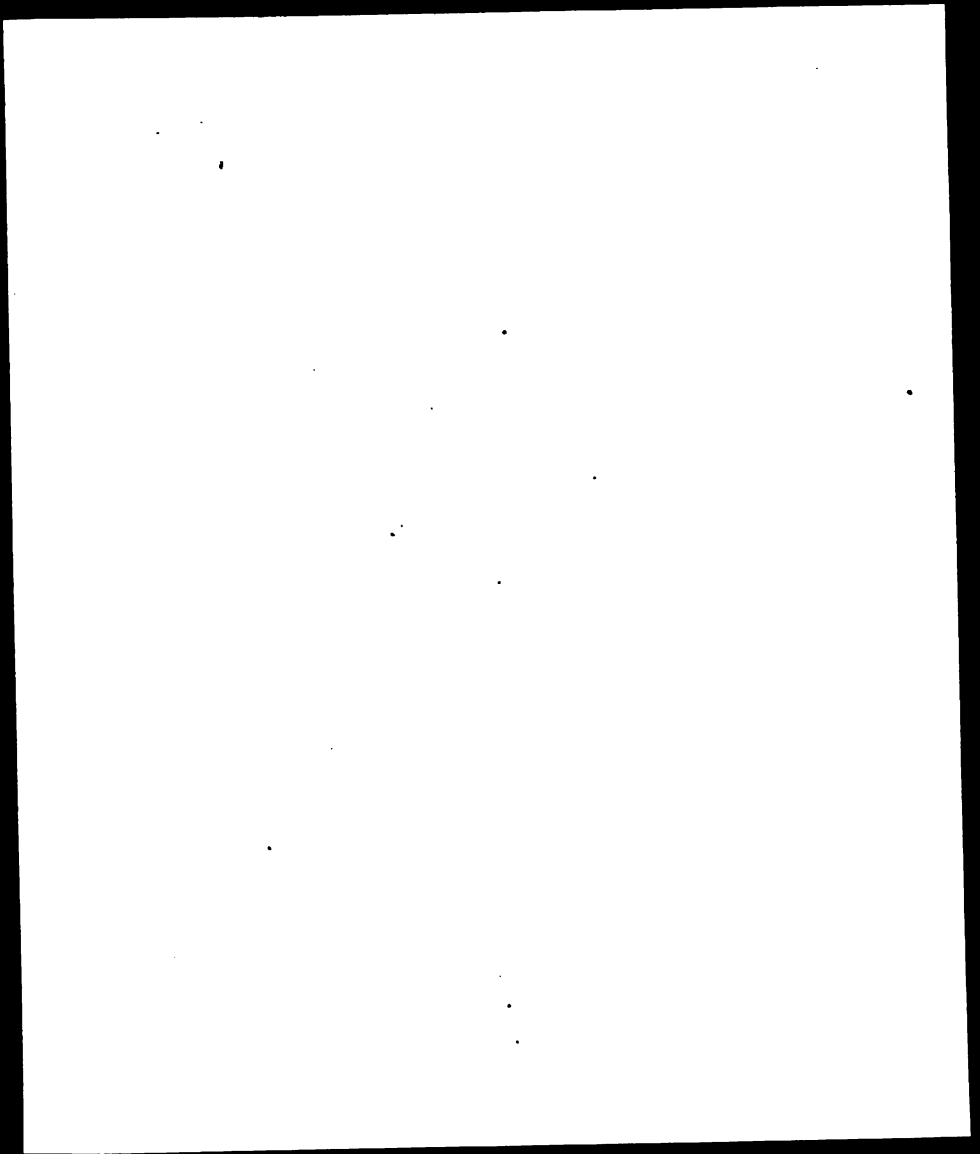
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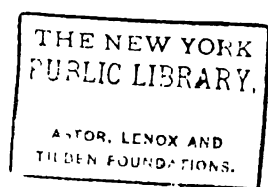
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*Rev. F. Butler*



Butler (Benjamin F.)



Butler (Benjamin F.)

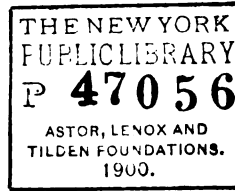
A MEMORIAL  
OF  
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

FROM THE  
CITY OF BOSTON, City Council.



BOSTON  
PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL  
1893

12.



DUP. EXCHANGE.

NOV. 99

## CITY OF BOSTON.

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IN COMMON COUNCIL, April 13, 1893.

*Ordered*, That the Clerk of Committees, under the direction of the Committee on Printing, be authorized to prepare and publish a memorial volume containing an account of the services in Tremont Temple, March 15, 1893, commemorating the life and character of Gen. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, together with the eulogy pronounced by the Hon. FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE; that fifteen hundred copies of said volume be printed, and that each member of the City Council be furnished with fifteen copies; the expense attending the same to be charged to the appropriation for City Council, Incidental Expenses.

Passed.

Sent up for concurrence.

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IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, April 17.

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Concurred.

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Approved by the Mayor, April 18, 1893.

A true copy.

Attest:

J. M. GALVIN,  
*City Clerk.*



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## DEATH OF GENERAL BUTLER



## DEATH OF GENERAL BUTLER.

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THE death of Gen. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER occurred at his Washington residence, 220 New Jersey avenue, South-east, on the eleventh of January, 1893, at thirty minutes past one o'clock, A.M.

Although his health was impaired, and the infirmities of age had made their appearance to some extent, his death was not anticipated; and when it took place it naturally caused the deepest feelings of surprise and regret throughout the country.

On account of his prominence as a statesman, and his remarkable career during the most eventful period of our country's history, his death taking place as it did at the nation's capital, was an occurrence of more than ordinary importance, and all classes of our citizens united in expressions of regret, and in paying their tribute of respect to his memory.



## ACTION OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT



## ACTION OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

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THE news of General Butler's death was soon received in Boston, and suitable recognition of the sad event was taken by the Common Council, at their meeting on the twelfth of January, as follows:

Mr. DONOVAN, of Ward 8, offered the following:

*Resolved*, That the City Council of Boston has received with profound regret the sad intelligence of the death of Gen. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

*Resolved*, That the City Council of Boston, in common with their fellow-countrymen, desire to express their sincere sorrow over this national bereavement, and to offer their tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the illustrious soldier, jurist, statesman, patriot, and philanthropist, whose whole life was one grand lesson of patriotism, and whose uncompromising and unflinching devotion to the rights of the poor and oppressed of every race, creed, and color entitle him to rank with the foremost of the illustrious men of his time.

*Resolved*, That the members of the City Council extend to the afflicted family of the deceased general their warmest and sincere sympathies in this sorrowful hour.

The question came on the passage of the resolutions.

Mr. SMITH, of Ward 18:

Mr. President, the resolutions, as presented, certainly strike a responsive chord in every loyal breast. One of the most distinguished men of the age has passed away, a man who gave the best years of his life for the maintenance of the flag and the supremacy of the Union; and I only regret that the resolutions did not go still further and embody a provision whereby this City Council might be represented at the last sad rites to be held on Monday next.

Mr. DONOVAN, of Ward 8:

Mr. President, I move that the question on the adoption of the resolutions be taken by a rising vote.

The motion was carried.

President BARRY:

The Chair cannot at this time allow the resolution to pass without saying a word. General Butler was an eminent lawyer, a fearless statesman, and a gallant soldier. He was kind and sympathizing to those in affliction, and he was noted for his charity to the poor. He had an individuality of character which attached to him thousands of enthusiastic friends. He has made his mark in the history of our country, and to-day his loss is mourned by the entire nation.



I know that no further words of mine are needed to ensure the unanimous adoption of the resolutions.

The question came on the passage of the resolutions.

Mr. BANKS, of Ward 9:

Mr. President, in the death of General Butler every man, to my mind, feels a personal loss. He stands out as one of the central figures in the history of this country, especially during the past thirty years. The whole community mourns his loss, from the fact that he was broad enough to recognize fallen humanity everywhere regardless of race, creed, or color, and he was always quoting his own words, "with the under dog." To my mind no greater man—and I except none—has lived during the past thirty years, including the period through which we passed in a war unparalleled in the history of the country, in which race feeling ran high. I believe I can say for the race with which I am identified, that no man whom Massachusetts has given to the country is dearer to us than is Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. To him we owe as much as to any other one man. We can say of him that he was the only governor Massachusetts has given us who, in the face of determined opposition, dared to appoint a man of color as a judge in this State. It was the only time in the history of the State that that thing has been done, and that the appointment did credit to General Butler, and that the judge whom he appointed gave credit to the race with which he is identified,

is shown by the fact that history records the name of Judge Ruffin as one of the eminent jurists of the State. I feel that the passage of these resolutions will only do justice to one of the greatest men that America has ever produced. (Applause.)

Mr. MANSFIELD, of Ward 14:

Mr. President, I will state, after the feeling remarks we have had from Mr. Banks, that I feel we ought at least to have the members of this Council represented by a committee at the funeral on next Monday, and I would make that motion, if it is in order.

The PRESIDENT:

The Chair will say at the present time that the question is on the passage of the resolutions, and such an order may be introduced later.

The resolutions were passed by a unanimous rising vote. Sent up.

Mr. DONOVAN, of Ward 8, offered an order:

That a special committee consisting of six members of the Common Council, with such as the Board of Aldermen may join, be appointed to arrange for the delivery of a eulogy on the life and public services of the late Gen. Benjamin F.

Butler, before the City Government and citizens of Boston; the expense attending the same to be charged to the appropriation for City Council, Incidental Expenses.

Passed, and the President appointed on said committee, Messrs. Donovan, of Ward 8; Smith, of Ward 18; Hurley, of Ward 5; Weston, of Ward 10; Rourke, of Ward 6; and Banks, of Ward 9. Sent up.

Mr. DONOVAN, of Ward 8, offered an order:

That a committee, to consist of the President and four other members of the Common Council, be appointed to attend the funeral of the late Gen. Benjamin F. Butler; the expense attending the same, together with all other expenses incurred, to be charged to the Contingent Fund, Common Council.

Passed, and the President appointed on said committee, Messrs. Merrill, of Ward 13; Smith, of Ward 9; Spring, of Ward 10; and Flynn, of Ward 2.

Mr. SMITH, of Ward 9:

Mr. President, I should be very glad to represent this honorable body as one of those appointed to pay respect to the memory of this distinguished gentleman. But I leave the State Saturday morning for a few days, and although I would like to attend

the funeral ceremonies I will be unable to do so. I would like to have the committee fully represented, and I will therefore withdraw.

The President appointed in place of Mr. Smith, of Ward 9, Mr. Briggs, of Ward 11.

## MEMORIAL SERVICES



## MEMORIAL SERVICES.

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THE committee appointed to arrange for the delivery of the eulogy on the life and public services of General BUTLER, immediately assumed their duties, and by a fortunate choice were enabled to secure the services of Hon. FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE, of Lowell, one of our own Congressmen, and a man of marked literary attainments, to deliver the eulogy. Tremont Temple was secured as the place for holding the memorial services, and Wednesday, the 15th of March, was the date selected as the time when they should take place.

Official invitations to attend the services were extended to His Excellency the Governor and the members of his staff; the Executive Council; heads of State departments; United States officers, civil, military, and naval, located in Boston; the judiciary; past mayors of the city, and the mayor and representatives of the City Council of the city of Lowell; representatives of the press; members of the Boston City Council, heads of departments, and city officials.

The platform of Tremont Temple was tastefully decorated with plants and flowers; a lifelike portrait of General BUTLER, painted by Darius Cobb, and kindly loaned by him for the occasion, was set up on the front of the organ and suitably draped with flags and emblems of mourning; festoons of laurel leaves and roses adorned the

front of the platform, and a beautiful basket of flowers was placed upon a stand beside the speaker's desk.

The exercises were preceded by music on the organ by Mr. GEORGE H. RYDER, and at the appointed time the assemblage was called to order by Alderman JOHN H. LEE, Chairman of the Board, and also of the Committee of Arrangements, who introduced His Honor Mayor NATHAN MATTHEWS, Jr., as the presiding officer of the evening.

Mayor MATTHEWS then arose and said :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are met this evening to commemorate the life and to lament the death of one of Massachusetts' most distinguished sons, the late general and governor, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER. In accordance with the custom on these occasions, I shall make no remarks myself, but will proceed at once to introduce the exercises of the evening, which will be opened with prayer to be offered by the Rev. ROBERT F. HURLEY.

PRAYER BY REV. ROBERT F. HURLEY.

Let us pray. Almighty Father of the universe, in whose hand is the destiny of the nations of the earth, and before whom the teeming millions of this world's inhabitants are but as the dust of the balance, in whom we live and move and have our being, and unto whom we offer willing worship, willing reverence, unstinted fealty at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances: we thank Thee for all Thy gifts, and especially do we thank Thee for the gift



of great men, whose devotion to the cause of humanity, to the cause of country, to patriotism, and to all that enters into the make-up of the greatness of a people, inspires our hearts and leads us to love them even though they be dead. We thank Thee that Thou hast made it possible for them, though dead, yet to speak.

We, as the citizens of this metropolis, come here this evening to pay honor to the memory of one whom Thou hast given us and whom Thou hast taken from us, one whose devotion to the cause of patriotism and to the independence of this our great republic in general, as well as to this Commonwealth in particular, has led us to feel proud of him and has inspired a desire in our hearts to perpetuate that patriotism, devotion to which rendered him worthy of our admiration and praise.

Though the hero sleeps in his grave to-night, we pray Thee, O Lord, that the cause in which he made himself worthy of our admiration may go on and on, and that the patriotism which characterized his life may spread until this entire country is dominated by it, until everything antagonistic thereto is wiped from it, until our city, our Commonwealth, and our nation, shall rise up to call the silent dust of our slumbering heroes blessed because of our love for the cause in which they fell.

We thank Thee for the name of General Butler; we thank Thee, O God, that Thou didst in Thy providence honor the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with his administration as statesman and with his

ability as counsellor, and that Thou didst honor the nation with him as a general and soldier.

Look upon us this evening in infinite mercy, grant that the exercises now being opened may greatly quicken our love for our city, for our State, and for our nation. Bless the city that calls us to do honor to the sleeping dead and save us from the sin of indifference toward those interests that enter into the make-up of the greatness of a people, prosperous at all times and under all circumstances.

And we thank Thee especially for the orator of the evening, for the Aldermen and Councilmen under whose management these exercises are held. We pray Thy blessing upon our common country and we pray Thee that when at last we, like the distinguished gentleman whose memory we honor to-night, have finished our steps, have accomplished our duty, have paid our debt to our people and to our nation, we may like him straighten ourselves out in the full measure of ripe manhood and, crowned with the silver locks of a well-spent life, lie down to quiet rest to await the coming of the morning when the trumpet shall arouse the slumberers of earth and summon us to the realms beyond.

And we ask these blessings, with such others as we need, in the name of our blessed Redeemer. Amen.

At the close of the prayer the anthem "Blessed are They," by Mendelssohn, was sung by the M. W. Whitney Quartette, after which the Mayor introduced Miss ELEANOR

L. SULLIVAN, who read with fine feeling and effect the following poem written for the occasion by JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

## POEM.

"Paint me with every blemish," said the Lord Protector grim,  
And the face that was dimmed was real, whatever the soul of him.

No gaudy colors to heighten, no neutral tints to hide,  
The strength of the man self-centred, too proud to be touched by  
pride.

Paint him with honest pigments; lay every weakness bare;  
But the mien of cant or the hue of fear, ye shall not see it there.

Flaw and defect and failure are clear to the shortest sight;  
But your microscope can never measure a mountain's height;

Nor your chemist's scales determine by drachm and scruple nice  
The worth and weight to land or state of a soldier's sacrifice.

Soldier was he by birthright, and not by grace of school;  
He would rather win on the crudest plan than lose by the strictest rule.

New Hampshire's bosom of granite, by sun and tempest wooed,  
No pigmy bears to the planet, nurses no puny brood.

Such as he was she made him, tender and brave and strong;  
Not overmeek with the haughty, nor overweak with the wrong.

Holders of bonds and of bondsmen looked on his deeds aghast;  
He broke the bonds and he mocked at the sacred things of caste.

But the helpless poor divined him, and knew him, aye, at his best;  
Who needed a friend could find him—he spared his foes the quest.

On his country's storied pages his name is written large —  
Citizen, soldier, statesman—faithful to every charge.

After the reading of the poem, the musical selection "Into the Silent Land" was sung by the quartette. Mayor Matthews then introduced the speaker of the evening, Hon. FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE. The eulogy was of a high order of literary and oratorical excellence, and an hour and twenty-five minutes was required by the speaker in its delivery. He was listened to with the closest attention throughout, and frequently interrupted by expressions of approval, and at the close of his address he was greeted with an outburst of applause most hearty and long continued.

The quartette then sang "The Long Day Closes," and after the benediction by the chaplain, the audience slowly dispersed.

# THE EULOGY



## THE EULOGY.

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FELLOW-CITIZENS: I approach with much diffidence the performance of the important and responsible duty intrusted to me by the courtesy of the city of Boston; and I am none the less impressed by a sense of my own inadequacy for such a task by the fact that on many public questions I was not in sympathy with the illustrious man whose life and public services we have met to-night to commemorate.

But I am encouraged by the reflection that I am not invited here to sit in cold judgment upon him—to balance in the scales of nice analysis every feature of a strong character. Whatever there is of error, defect, or fault in a man—whatever asperities, prejudices, or resentments, may fling a note of discord into the music of a great career—these things will not be forgotten; the critic, the enemy, will not neglect their work, and Calumny will still be the shadow dogging the steps of history.

Nor am I here to accord extravagant laudation, or to wreath a name with false and unmerited honor; but to speak well, yet truthfully, of the good, the noble, the heroic features and deeds to be found in the life and character placed before us;

to "speak nothing but good of the dead," and yet to speak nothing but the truth; to pay a generous, friendly, and sincere tribute to a militant soul ever in arms and ever at the front in the hour of crisis and peril; and I am sure that, in all the crudities and incongruities of character which might exist—in all the hurrying, tempestuous life, in all the checkered lines of this remarkable career,—we shall still be able to trace, clear, fine, but unmistakable—over, through, and in everything—the golden thread of high patriotic purpose, and chivalrous devotion to the cause of the friendless and the helpless.

It matters not, fellow citizens, from what standpoint you contemplate this man; with what prepossessions or prejudices, of party, religion, or race, or class,—the conclusion is still the same—that here was a man,—“And what a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!”—a man distinct in type, of striking originality, not one among a thousand or a dozen, but alone, *sui generis*—towering above ordinary men like a mountain peak, piercing the sky with sharp, jagged lines, seamed and scarred by countless storms and centuries, with a wonderful play of sunlight and shadow upon its mighty front—a landmark, massive, peculiar, and eternal—a monument in the eyes of many generations.

This man was the vivid incarnation of life, force,



energy, action, manifesting itself *semper ubique*, in every form and by every agency of brain and heart and hand, of voice and pen and sword. The sphere of his action was as wide as the interests of humanity. He could not be idle, he could not be silent, he could not be indifferent. As a soldier, as a statesman, in peace and in war, as a lawyer, a manufacturer, a business man, he has left conspicuous monuments of his labors. His life illustrated the great line of the Roman poet, which, when uttered in the theatre, aroused the vast audience, bond and free, to rise and shout applause as one man, "*Homo sum, nil humani alienum a me puto.*" (I am a man, and nothing that concerns the welfare of my fellow-men can be indifferent to me.)

There are some public men who never seem to reach the heart of the people. Their services are great, their purpose is high, their lives are pure and stately. But the people, while recognizing their merit, and feeling a certain moderate, well-regulated gratitude, always maintain toward them a cold and dispassionate attitude.

Then there is another type of public men. You can count the number of these on your fingers, in any age, in any nation. The name of any one of them, uttered in a vast assembly, will electrify thousands as the soul of one man, and thrill and kindle heart, eye, and lip; the name is a flash of lightning followed,—accompanied,—by the thunder of popular acclaim. There is electric communication between this type and the soul of the people. The differ-

ence between these two types cannot logically be explained; it is clear only to that finer, subtler, that almost divine intuition which we attribute to woman. In these matters, the logic of men can be fathomed and answered; the logic of women and of nations, never.

It is one of these names of charm and power which shines through these memorial services of to-night.

While Massachusetts was paying her tribute to Butler, the angel of death summoned Christendom to mourn for the great bishop whose footsteps had hallowed the streets of Boston, and countless thousands sorrowed "because they should see his face no more." In the chamber of death, Massachusetts saw at the self-same moment the man who had wielded the sword of action, scarred and grimed with smoke and battle,—and the beloved disciple of the Prince of Peace, the grandest apostle of our day of Charity in the sublimest form. Let the contrast be as great as it may be, yet the legend on the shield of the Commonwealth proclaims the equal spirit in which Massachusetts receives the services of her sons:

"*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*" (By the sword she strives to maintain the abiding peace of a free commonwealth.)

The peace of a well-ordered State is the realization of the "peace on earth, good will to men" that the angels foretold, the earthly counterpart and image of "the peace that passeth understanding." The deeper and higher peace of the spirit, it was the

saintly mission of one to preach; it was the work of the other — by sword and sword-like speech and action — to assist in securing “peace on earth, good will to men,” so far as human action in human affairs and by human laws could effect this result.

Benjamin Franklin Butler was not born among ancestral laurels or luxury, and if a single wreath adorned his “dreamless head” that winter day as he lay in his coffin, it was all his own. He was the son of a widow. Not infrequently poverty walked by his side in his early youth, and taught him her severe but salutary lessons. No boy in America ever marched to do battle with the world with less *impedimenta*, with less artificial aids and advantages. But he carried in himself, in his own natural forces, supplies sufficient for every exigency of life’s journey.

He was born in a modest farmhouse on a lonely hillside. It was the typical dwelling in which the greatness of America has so often been cradled and nurtured, and which, however narrow, and cramped, and poor, somehow shines with a greater splendor than castle or palace, because it is the illuminated shrine of genius.

The farmhouse, then, is the starting-point; the school, the college, the court-house, the halls of legislation, the camp, the battlefield, the opulent cities governed as by a proconsul of Rome, the chair of state in this great Commonwealth, all rise before us in rapid and startling succession.

Very early in life, at school and college, were

manifested those exceptional traits and qualities which make up as marked a character as this country or any other has seen. But it was in the court-house that his genius took wing, and felt the uplifting force of its own internal fire. When Butler appeared [in the court-room, dulness fled before him, routine became demoralized, and custom, folding its mantle with the dignity of Malvolio, solemnly stalked away; the air seemed to become charged with electricity; a thrill of expectation ran through the assembly; ancient and familiar things were to be shown in the flashing light of an original spirit; there was to be a stir, a sparkle of novelty in long stagnant pools, there was a commotion like that at the awakening of the "Sleeping Palace."

"A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
And sixty feet the fountain leapt;  
The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
The butler drank, the steward scrawled,  
The fire shot up, the marten flew,  
The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled,  
The maid and page renewed their strife,  
The palace banged and buzzed and clacked —  
And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dashed downward in a cataract!"

He revered the law in its original strength, purity, and simplicity. But he despised the parasitic growth which had fastened upon its trunk. The technicality, the fictions of the law, the "quiddits, quilletts, cases, tenures, and tricks," he despised, while he used them;

he delighted to hold the mirror up to the "perfection of human reason" and show to that perfection its imperfections. He treated the spiritless letter of the law very much as Hamlet treated Polonius, where in one memorable scene he twisted the old courtier around, to face this way or that, at pleasure — exhibiting his shallowness and insincerity, — and in another laughing at him and then crying, "A rat! dead for a ducat — dead!" at last sent his rapier through the poor old man's body.

Butler's logic was sometimes illogical; but it was the irresistible logic of humor. In fact, in courts of law he was a sort of humorous reign of terror — a French revolution in every-day life — and his knowledge of human nature gave him a marvellous power with courts and juries, but especially with the latter.

He was always courteous to the youth of the profession, respectful to the old, and reverent to genius.

But he was busy, as I have said, in every line of human action. He was prominent in political affairs; he was an active, an enthusiastic member of the militia, serving in every capacity, and rising from private, through intermediate grades, to brigadier-general. And the hour which would call into mighty action all the force and all the training of this master spirit was about to strike. The eventful year of 1861 had arrived. Butler was forty-three years old. The crisis of the republic was at hand. The affairs of the country were "on fire," and how

swiftly great events crowded upon each other in those days of crisis! Lincoln's election and inauguration; the deliberate act of South Carolina in passing the Ordinance of Secession, Dec. 20, 1860; the attempt to relieve Fort Sumter Jan. 9, 1861; the assault and capture of the fortress April 11-14; the call for troops April 15; the response of Massachusetts and her great governor April 16.

In the hurry and confusion of these hours, full of doubt, apprehension, hesitation, wrath, of conflicting emotions, yet glowing and flaming with the kindling spirit of loyalty which every moment mounted higher and higher, Butler knew that his own time had come, his hour had struck, and he stood in the executive chamber before Andrew, and offered his services to the country. The governor might well ponder over this offer. The man who stood before him had been a devoted supporter in the last National Democratic Convention of Jefferson Davis, now President of the Southern Confederacy, the head and front of rebellion; had been a candidate for Democratic governor of Massachusetts against Andrew, and a few years before he had come into collision with a former governor of Massachusetts. His own statement of the facts is interesting.

When colonel of the militia he had been ordered to disband a company called the Jackson Musketeers. He had declined to do so on the ground that such a proceeding was illegal; he was then threatened with removal himself, but he defied the authorities again. At this time a partial reorganization of the

militia took place, possibly for the purpose of abolishing company and colonel at one blow, the force of which they formed a part being disbanded. But the officers of the new brigade came together and elected Butler commanding officer. Thus the old colonel became the new brigadier.

These matters were probably passing through the mind of Governor Andrew as Butler stood before him. But the men were drawn up in line in front of the State House. The tailors were sewing buttons on the backs of their coats as they waited for orders. They must have a commanding officer. The governor's decision was made. Butler was appointed.

That decision enabled Massachusetts, with godlike strength, to hurl the Sixth Regiment like a thunderbolt of loyalty into the clouds of secession gathering over Washington, and to set Butler upon the soil of Maryland. In those fateful days in Maryland and Virginia, the war for the Union, for liberty, was fought and won. It was then that the keynote of the war was sounded, and the telling phrase "contraband of war" seemed to cut the Gordian knot of the situation as deftly as did the sword of Alexander in the days of old.

Practically, during these days, Butler was alone in Maryland. The communication with headquarters at Washington or Massachusetts was uncertain and intermittent. The cause of the Union was in his hands. The responsibility was great. But the man was equal to the emergency. He was the most audacious, the most keen-witted, the most self-reliant

man in America. He never relaxed his hold upon Maryland until he had saved her for the Union — and thus had saved the Union for the world.

This work being finished, he turned his hand to other difficult tasks. As the war went on, as victory and defeat alternated, and as the magnitude of the rebellion became manifest, doubts arose as to the wisdom and as to the result of the war; there seemed to be a faltering, a flagging of the spirit of loyalty. Butler's old party associates were regarded with distrust. Armed with President Lincoln's authority, Butler soon settled all doubt and distrust forever. His name was sent out like the fiery cross of Roderick Dhu into every city, town, and hamlet of New England, and in a very short space of time he gave to the country six thousand men, of all political parties, — or none, — officered almost wholly by Democrats, but all panoplied in the armor of perfect loyalty, and "faithful unto death."

It is not necessary to trace his career through the war. It is sufficient to say that in camp and field, in council or in action, the same high qualities — courage, tact, determination, fertility of resource, and contrivance — were manifested in every hour of trial and danger. But nowhere were these wonderful qualities displayed to such advantage as in the great cities where he ruled with all the power and more than the justice of a Roman proconsul. The people of New Orleans expected from him nothing but "battle, murder, and sudden death," but he saved them from "plague, pestilence, and famine;" they



expected only oppression and wrong — he gave them a wise, firm, and just administration; they looked for the evils and humiliations of conquest — he fed the poor and gave the city a clean bill of health, the first in its history. He was not an invited guest, and he could not expect the courtesy and cordiality which marks the hospitality of the South.

If they gave him curses for the blessings he conferred, it must be remembered that the curses of disloyalty are as necessary to the fame of patriots as the plaudits of loyalty.

“ Oh, lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But little he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on  
In the grave where his comrades have laid him.”

In November, 1864, those wild days of riot and sedition, he saved New York from its worst enemy — New York.

The holding and the government of these opulent cities — Baltimore, New Orleans, and New York — calling for the exercise of civic and military functions, furnished the fullest opportunity for the play of his extraordinary mental, physical, and moral endowments for that surpassing and exceptional genius which fitted him above all men in the country for such difficult and perilous tasks.

In the stormy period of reconstruction, his forceful, positive, and aggressive character forced him to the front. His influence and action were conspicu-

ous in the strong measures of the day employed to wrench back the disjointed States into place. His administration of the great office of chief magistrate of this Commonwealth was marked by the virile, vigorous spirit which invariably characterized his action, and is too fresh in your recollection to need recital here.

Nor did his public services constitute the only important labor he performed. He found time for many other undertakings, and he has left conspicuous and enduring monuments of his endeavors, as a lawyer, a business man, a builder, and a manufacturer.

As a citizen in good financial standing, he was enabled to offer to the State of Massachusetts at the time of the call to arms the means of obtaining sufficient funds to defray the expenses of the expedition which he commanded. He was able not only to recruit and to lead an army, but as a manufacturer of woollens, of cartridges, and of bunting—if occasion arose—to furnish an army with overcoats, with ammunition, and with the very flags for which they fought. He took the Concord river at Lowell, dreaming languidly of Pitcairn and his midnight march:

“Of old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago,”

and impressing the quiet stream into the service of humanity, jewelled its green banks with flourishing

industries, giving employment to scores and hundreds of his fellow-citizens.

While it may be difficult to analyze what may be called the rich, rare, and exuberant complexities in the character of this remarkable man, we are sure that the services which he rendered to the country will be written in indelible and living characters in history. We know, too, that the strong foundations of his personal character were securely laid in the domestic relations, where as son, husband, father, kinsman, and friend, he might be taken as a model in communities where domestic virtues are held most sacred.

The difficulty of the situations in which he was placed at critical moments, and the signal success which so often crowned his efforts, must be the just measure of his genius and fame.

No man ever awoke more bitter animosity, and no man ever called forth more devoted friendship and affection. In these days of form, rule and routine, when life so often runs in a rut, it is good to see a man who lived and moved in his own right and not in the right of an ancestor, a family, or a class; whose powers were not limited or confined by environment, condition, or precedent, not tied and trammelled and labelled, not weighted down by ancestral possessions, or ancestral ideas, but a man clothed in the royalty of his own individuality, whose life and action sparkled and glowed with a strange new fire, and who, in whatever he did and wherever he moved, broke out his own path

and acted himself. As soldier, as a statesman,—in peace and war,—as a lawyer, a manufacturer, a business man, he was original, unique, independent—he was Butler.

Every day he declared his independence of some custom or rule, every day he challenged a precedent or attacked a system. He discovered so many abuses in institutions, and so many defects in systems, that he finally came to regard institutions in themselves as abuses, and systems as in themselves defects. The military and naval academies, the great charitable institution at Tewksbury, the renowned and revered university at Cambridge; the system of finance and money; the fourth estate, the press—all at times came under animadversion. He feared that the press might attempt to usurp the throne from which it had driven kings and tyrants. He had little respect for the fundamental principles of finance, and regarded them rather as methods, which might be changed, than as principles which are eternal.

He had often been baffled in the field, he believed, by the spirit of the military and naval schools. He thought that on many occasions he might have overcome the army and navy of the enemy, if he had not been required first to overcome the army and navy of the United States. While the purpose and method of the attack on Tewksbury may not be fully approved, the result was not without benefit. Charity had become indolent and slovenly, and discipline and responsibility were not so strictly enforced as success-

ful administration requires. There was pathos in his address at Harvard when he sat at her commencement feast as Governor of the Commonwealth.

If he had assailed her, it was only the bitterness of a high spirit that felt itself misunderstood and repelled; for in his heart and his action he respected the great university, and no man knew better than he that in reply to all attacks it was only necessary to summon in evidence the institution itself.

“Rise crowned with light, imperial Harvard rise” — where it would shine forth the Parthenon of educational institutions, the glory of the Commonwealth, the lamp of America — shedding its radiance over every quarter of the habitable globe.

By many comfortable men, he was regarded simply as a disturber of the peace — of their peace and comfort.

“When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.”

But some men think it would be much better if the poor did not cry and Cæsar did not weep, and that the great doctrine of the “survival of the fittest” is the only one applicable to the situation.

But even men who regarded him as a demagogue — as an agitator — were forced to admit that there was a singular consistency in his course. Circumstances, seasons, emergencies, did not change him. He stretched out a friendly hand to the exile and the stranger, when it is difficult to see how he could gain thereby either influence or votes; fifty

years ago, before broad views of social economy had obtained, he labored for a ten-hour law; he gave ready help and sympathy to the disabled veteran, and gave it without money and without price. He desired that every citizen of the republic—"no matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun had burned upon him"—no matter what his creed or condition—his race or party—should wear the crown of his full, just, and equal civic rights as boldly and as proudly as king or emperor could wear the royal diadem.

Through every political change he made, these principles never changed. We must, therefore, believe that he was a true and zealous disciple of the cause of freedom and equality—of that great cause which, in the noble words of Mr. Gladstone, yet ringing through the world, is the cause "not of any party or nation, but of all parties and all nations." His life was a battle, but it was a battle waged against power, against wealth, against station. As a general rule, men prefer to fight with, rather than against "the powers that be." It is easier, more agreeable, and more profitable. It is only he, therefore, whose mind is aglow with loftier ambitions, with splendid visions of "the things that are more excellent," who resists the ordinary impulse and casts in his lot with the weak, the poor, and lowly. Even if we attribute such a course to the thirst for fame or to the desire for power, there is an inherent nobility in such a failing, in such a motive. No effort of Butler ever gave countenance

to tyranny, social or political. He did not strengthen the strong or make weaker the weak. He befriended, and sometimes with excess of zeal and sympathy, the ignorant, the poor, the prisoner, and the outcast.

In this course there is, at least, a ray of the spirit of Him who came to set the captive free, who lived with publicans and sinners, who censured the rich and exalted the poor—a gleam which will serve to soften and adorn the rudest and coldest nature.

He had the virtues and the faults of the order to which he belonged—the great order of the tribunes of the people. He was, in spirit and in action, a true descendant of the Gracchi; he was kith and kin to Rienzi; he was of the blood and fibre of Mirabeau. He was not at his best in “the piping times of peace”—in the days of sleepy serenity. His life did not float upon the tide. He loved to buffet the billows; to wrestle with the storm; to play with the whirlwind. The noble lines of Chapman, the Elizabethan dramatist, furnish us with a true conception of his nature.

“Give me a spirit that on life’s rough sea  
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,  
Even till his sailyards tremble—his masts crack—  
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low  
That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air!”

It seems difficult to believe that all this intense, this marvellous activity could suddenly cease; that

all this rich glow of life should be extinguished at a breath; that so many enterprises of great pith and moment should in an instant "all their currents turn awry and lose the name of action." Yet "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well"—he of the sleepless brain, of the inextinguishable fire, of the dauntless spirit, of the irresistible and tireless force.

Come, then, friends and enemies alike, and let us unite over this quiet grave. He has fought his last battle, he has found rest at last, and for the first time; he has found the "peace which passeth understanding."

"Come, then, pure hands, and bear the head  
Which sleeps, or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead."

But his memory will live; it will cheer and be cherished by the sons of poverty; by the oppressed, the friendless, the unfortunate of every type. His name will be an inspiration to them, and as theirs is a persistent voice it will live forever; and no citizen can hereafter read the history of his country for the last half-century without perceiving a potent and peculiar influence flaming, Ariel-like, in the dark and perilous moments of the republic, dazzling and confounding "open-eyed conspiracy," and lighting the way to safety; no young man can hereafter study the Constitution and the laws without rejoicing in the keen, flashing intellect which illuminated with



living light those stately and enduring lines; no patriot can look up at the noble fabric of the Union—preserved, strengthened, and glorified—without paying a tribute of admiration, love, and gratitude to the rare, bright, brave spirit of  
**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER.**



## FINAL PROCEEDINGS



## FINAL PROCEEDINGS.

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At the meeting of the Board of Aldermen, March 20, the following resolves were introduced and unanimously adopted namely :

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the City Council be and hereby are extended to Hon. FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE, for the able and instructive eulogy pronounced by him upon the life and character of the late BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, at the memorial services held in Tremont Temple on the 15th inst., under the auspices of the City Council.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the City Council be hereby expressed to the Rev. ROBERT F. HURLEY, for performing the duties of chaplain at the memorial services at Tremont Temple, on the 15th inst., in honor of the late BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

The Common Council, at their meeting March 23, concurred in the adoption of the resolves, by a unanimous vote.











